

THE ACROPOLIS



SEPTEMBER 1921

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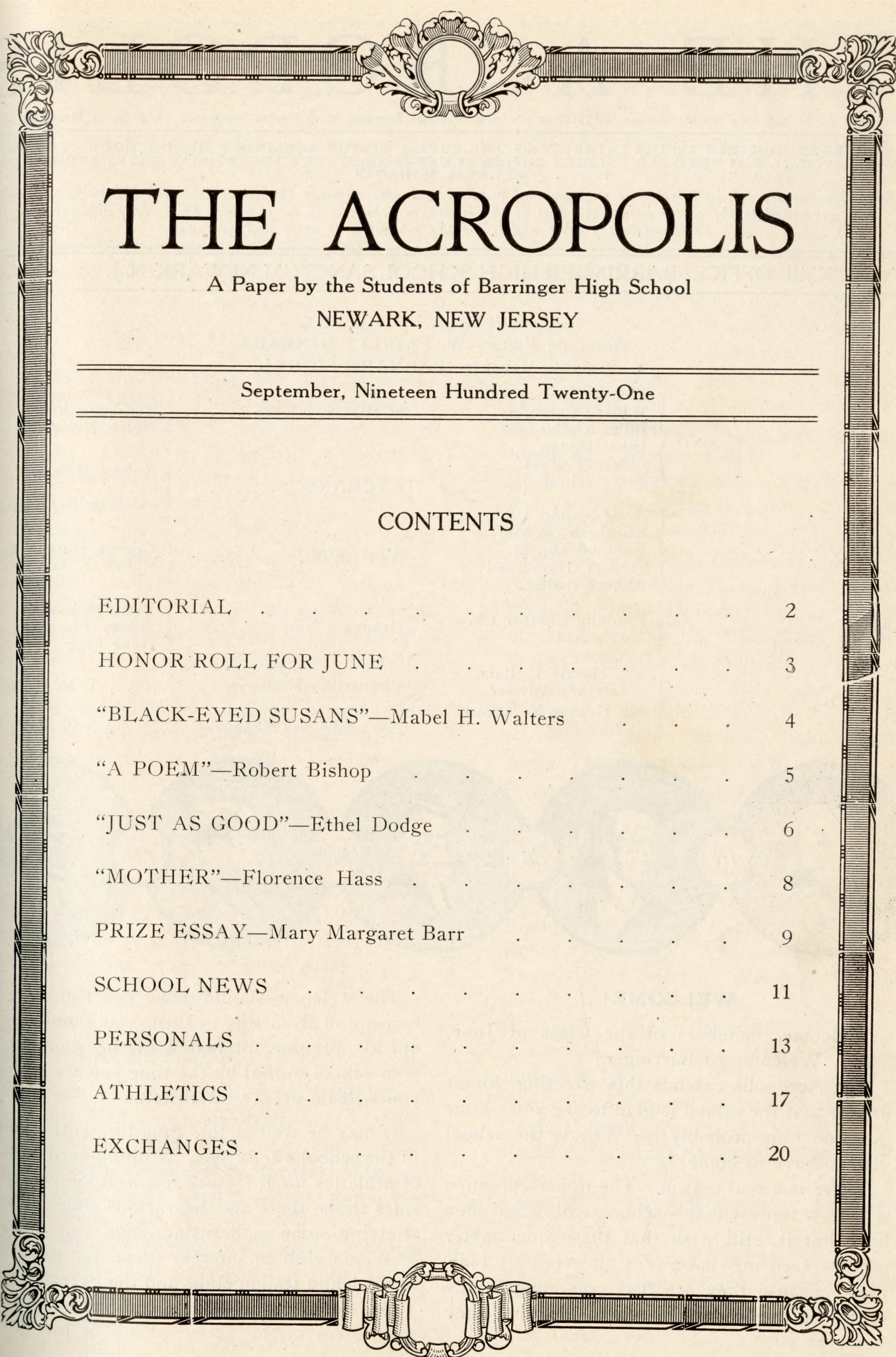
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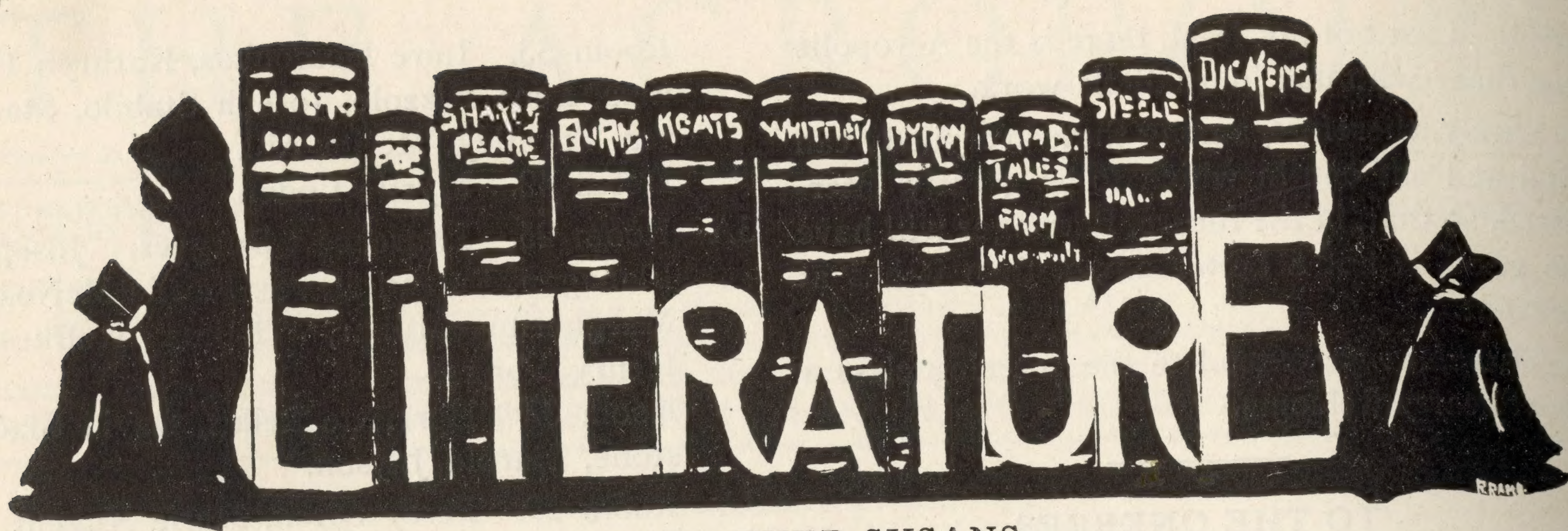
THE ACROPOLIS

A Paper by the Students of Barringer High School
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

September, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-One

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BLACK-EYED SUSANS

By Mabel Herrick Walters

It was summer in Greenwich. The cooling breezes played with living laughing nature. They played among Anita's golden curls, sending yellow wisps across her flower-like cheeks to the wistful brown eyes, as she gazed at fertile areas, broken by silvery brooklets, that met the rising mountains, purple in the twilight. The girl turned to the old man at her side.

"Dear grandpa, I know you are tired. This is too much for you. Sell the farm. I am so tired of Greenwich. It is dead."

"Dead." The old farmer, glancing at the fields and at Anita, only smiled.

"I am sixteen," Anita continued, "I am lonesome. Do send me to art school in the city, where I have always longed to go. I want to live."

"Black-eyed susans," the old man looked into the deep brown eyes and at the flowing golden hair. "Black-eyed susans live in the country." His glance toward the orphaned girl was full of love. "But—you may go."

And Anita went.

Two years later, Anita painted in her room in the art school. It was a small room, littered with pictures and curiosities. From the one small window, buildings, towering to dizzy heights, could be dimly seen through clouds of dingy smoke. The door, opening, let in little air to the oil-smelling study. Anita laid down her palette.

"A letter for you, Miss Eldrige."

Anita took it from the young man standing there. The writing on the envelope was familiar. She looked up.

"And you are—"

"Robert Westmore."

"The novelist?"

"They call me so," he replied. "At any rate I need an illustrator. I heard of your talent here in the institute. You are alone, I presume?"

The girl glanced at him with a strange smile.

"Trying to think," she said, simply. "Trying to remember."

She showed him the canvas. Green fertile meadows, broken peaks touching the red light of the sun that faded above into pearly whiteness.

"That picture." The writer spoke as if to himself. "Where have I seen it?"

Anita turned to him with questioning eyes.

"I do not understand."

"I cannot recall the name of the place, but I have seen the bit of nature you have so skillfully reflected here in oils. It is remarkable. Will you give it to me—for this?"

"One hundred dollars!" the girl exclaimed. "It is too much."

He took the picture and started toward the door.

"It is kind of you, Mr. Westmore," Anita said.

It was not until he had gone that the girl tore open the letter, to puzzle out her grandmother's scrawly backhand. She read the opening sentences with a start.

"We have decided to sell the farm to a Mr. Westmore, a multi-millionaire from New York who has offered us a liberal amount. As the young man has only been here once, and takes no interest in farming, I have no idea what he wishes to buy. The debts of your grandmother and the blighting of the crops this summer, make it necessary for us to sell as soon as possible."

"According to your wishes, we have decided to rent a small place in the city, where, if you desire, we may furnish an inexpensive studio for you. You know that we are reluctant to leave Greenwich, but for your sake—"

Anita glanced from the letter to the smoke-black air without. This was summer—all her summer—in New York. At half-past six, there would be the formal dinner at a hotel, followed by a dance, and later, the theatre. The next morning she was to visit a museum, then become a model for a class of art students; after she had painted in a little crowded room, smelling of oils, and filled with the smoke-blackened air from without, there would be the dance at the clubhouse, then—

"I want to be free!" cried Anita. "I'm tired of it all." She turned her gaze from the crowded streets, the smoke-stacks of factories, the blur of towering buildings and misty sky, and thought of the beauty of Greenwich.

Then followed a trying period of breaking away from the institute—that is, getting a reluctant permission to go, directing her paints, pictures, and miscellaneous belongings to be sent to Greenwich, and taking farewell of her many friends. Anita, in a little dotted swiss trimmed with blue ribbons, which she had found hidden among her taffetas and satins, set out for the station. At the door, however, a young man stopped her. She recognized Westmore.

"Not really leaving, Miss Eldrige?"

The girl tried to tell him, at that moment, everything she had puzzled over. She spoke quickly.

"I am going to Greenwich—to the farm you offered to buy. I cannot live in the city. I am going home. The farm is—mine." Her grandfather would have laughed to hear Anita coolly announce the possession. Westmore did not seem to understand.

"You say you live in Greenwich—your farm?"

He led her to the drive, where his car was waiting. Before she knew it, they left the crowded streets behind them, and were passing through the pleasanter suburbs.

"The farm—why did you want it?" Anita was asking.

(Continued on page 29)

A POEM

When you sit at home in the eventide
And the cold wind howls about,
While the sparks fly up the chimney wide
And with warmth the fire glows out,
Then your thoughts begin to take you far
Through lands you've never seen
And you forget the things that are—
While with romance you convene.

With wistful eyes you look away—
To an unknown, distant place;
And with spellbound gaze you watch the things
That imaginings can trace.
You see the things that you will do
If kindly fate permit,
And the future has a rosy hue;
As before the fire you sit.

But the flame begins to flicker low,
And your day dreams fade away.
From the things which you look foreward to,
You return to dull today;
But your dreams remain a light sublime,
By them your deeds you gauge;
They're a goal toward which you daily climb,
In the fight of life you wage.

Nell: His name was spelt wrong on the tombstone.

Anne: That was a grave mistake.

No, Barney, the dog star is not a skye terrier.

Wood: I thought you said that man was a musician.

Dippel: I never said any such thing.

Phil: You certainly told me he wrote melodies.

Ed: I said he was a composer of heirs. He sells soothing syrup.

Melita: Do you think marriage is a failure.

Anne: I've noticed the bride never gets the best man.

Dimp: Did you ever write a tragedy?

Simp: Yes, but I thought it was a comedy until the night it was produced.

The personal editor's always yelling for something original. Well, we've got it. Just go round and hear Melita Ahl laugh.

"JUST AS GOOD"

By ETHEL DODGE

"Oh, dear, why doesn't he come? He knows I must get that train! Aren't men the **slowest** things? They talk about **women** never being on time—!"

So reflected pretty Helen Winslow, as she paced restlessly up and down the sidewalk in front of the Winslow's big white house, swinging her tennis racket vigorously, a slim, strong, young figure in her immaculate sport skirt and blouse, and low white tennis shoes. Just as she had fairly completed the length of the walk for the fifth time, there was heard the low, well-trained murmur, a slight squeak of brakes, and a long handsome car slid up to the curb.

"Oh, Bob! Better late than never, I suppose. But of all the old ladies—!"

"Now please don't get mad till you have to," laughed the young fellow gaily, as he opened the door for her. "You know," he continued, "I've had to look after that college chum of mine more or less for a long time. Well, I got a telegram from him today."

"Oh, has he really put it through?" interrupted Helen eagerly.

But the whir of the motor prevented further conversation for the time.

However, even this innocent occurrence was not without an observer who was inclined, as observers often are, to draw entirely faulty conclusions.

This particular interested observer happened to be little ten-year-old Judy Clark, Helen's next-door neighbor, who was intensely interested in the "new girl next door" and her very good-looking "young man." This was the second time now that he had taken her out, and she just knew they **must** be going to be married soon. Couldn't she see how anxiously Miss Winslow had been waiting for him? Girls like Miss Winslow didn't fool 'round with young men they weren't engaged to—**not at all!** Judy was very proud of her idol, and the most trifling breach of good behavior on Helen's part would have been a sore blow to the little girl.

Innocent spying upon the affairs of the girl next door was almost poor little Judy's only pleasure, for the child had always been delicate, and the rather fussy aunt with whom she lived

disapproved heartily of her playing very much with the neighbor children and kept her in the house a good part of the time. So it happened that a few days later she was ready at the upstairs window, round eyes wide open, and eager chin thrust far forward as the pair walked slowly down the front walk toward the waiting car. The evening air was still, and their voices floated faintly up to her.

"Oh, dear, Bob, isn't it discouraging?" came Helen's voice anxiously.

"Discouraging! Disgusting's better! Darned fool! Wouldn't bother with him if I were you, Helen. Leave all that to me." And try as hard as she might, Judy could hear no more, but she saw Helen's anxious pleading eyes raised to the young man's face, and she immediately came to a very lively and romantic conclusion.

"Oh-h-," she breathed softly, "I bet they've quarrelled—about this other man who wants to marry her. I'll bet, oh, isn't that perfectly won-der-ful!" Though why a lovers' quarrel should prove wonderful is better known to Miss Judy than to any other person.

Two weeks after this incident there sat two young men in earnest conversation in an office room in Chicago. One was tall and dark, with a peculiarly restless, unhappy face, and long, slim, over-white hands that had apparently never done much honest toil, while the other, quiet, strong, self-controlled, was none other than the Bob of Judy's little romance.

"Can't you see there's no use? I tell you, I'm a born rotter. Oh, I know," as Bob started to interrupt, "I've had a college education as well as you, and all that, but what good does that do? Once a rotter, always a rotter!" and he puffed fiercely at a black cigar held tightly between his teeth.

There was a minute's pause, while the bus-whir of the great city's traffic hummed outside. Then Bob shifted his position easily before beginning.

"Dick," he said slowly, "you've met Helen, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes, I've met Helen," cried the other petulantly.

"Why that tone of voice?" inquired Bob cheerfully. However, taking it for granted

that you meant no offense, I'll proceed. Now, I've always had rather a high opinion of Helen myself. Only natural, I suppose, but still"—he broke off. "You know," he continued a moment later with apparent irrelevance, "I didn't amount to much when I first came out of college. Hadn't anyone to give me much of a chance I suppose. My mother was sick most the time, and my father died years ago. No one but Helen to keep me straight and she was only a kid during all the time I was in college. But afterward— Well, I don't know, but Helen seemed different as she grew older. She's a mighty good sort of girl, and she braced me up better than a fellow could. Now I know you never have had a girl like that to keep you straight, so I'm going to give you your chance with her. I get my vacation during the next two weeks, and if you'll come stay with us a few days, I know you'll not regret it. Mother will be so glad to meet you, and—"

"Nothing doing!" burst out Dick passionately. "You'll not catch me tied to any girl's apronstrings, not even your precious Helen's. D'you think your mother's going to want me around the house? Not by a long shot! You've done an awful lot for me, I know, and you needn't think I don't appreciate it, and all that, but you're not going to get any girl pulled into this, and all my reforming's going to go on within these four walls, see?"

"All right, Dick," replied Bob quietly, and, taking up his hat, he strode swiftly and noiselessly along the hall and down the stairs.

Left alone, Dick slid aimlessly down in his seat, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and the dark, dissatisfied expression deepening on his face.

"Hang it all!" he ejaculated. "What's Bob trying to do—get me married to that Helen of his? She isn't so bad at that, though, I suppose. But he needn't have tried to throw her at my head. Oh, how I hate it all! Sitting in this office all day at an old gent's job, drawing an office boy's salary and spending it at night. And they won't even let a fellow alone. Always some prosperous hypocrite in here, preaching about my wicked ways, and my natural abilities, and so forth. Of course, I don't mean Bob," he added apologetically to some silent party, presumably his own conscience.

He put out his hand idly toward a pile of magazines on the desk, and, selecting one, opened it at a page of advertisements. Running his eye carelessly down the page, one item suddenly caught his attention. He read it a second time with increasing interest.

"We offer this unusual opportunity free of charge to boys and young men. Farming along modern lines of scientific agriculture taught in your spare time. A splendid opening for the dissatisfied and the unemployed."

Dick laid the magazine down and thoughtfully puckered his brows. He was not accustomed to do anything without "due reflection," as he termed it. This reflection generally spread itself over a very considerable space of time, until its object was rather lost sight of. But today a strange new energy coming, perhaps, largely from dissatisfaction, possessed him. After a few moments he rose, and walked slowly but firmly with the tread of a man going to execution, toward the street door, and continued with the same dogged steadiness, toward the address, not far away, given in the advertisement.

The following days marked a decided and beneficial change in Dick Morson. He went regularly to the instruction classes, and studied with a kind of pathetic eagerness. He had at last found work that was fitted to his needs. After three months' hard study, he came to the decision that he would face the music—go to Bob, and boldly announce his plans.

Accordingly, when, two days later, Bob got off the commuters' train at the station, glancing behind him, he saw a familiar, yet somewhat changed figure swing easily off the car ahead of him. Dick turned at almost the same moment, and the two men met face to face.

"Dick, old fellow, so you've decided to make us that long deferred visit, have you?" inquired Bob, grasping the other's hand and searching his face eagerly.

"Yes," Dick replied humbly enough, but with a happy gleam in his eyes, "I've come all right, but I've come with a decent job—as a foreman on a big farm, with a prospect of owning a farm of my own when I have accumulated money enough. Sounds all right, doesn't it?"

"I'll say it does," responded Bob, heartily shaking hands again. "Now come on home

(Continued on page 28)

"MOTHER"

By FLORENCE HASS

Ralph Culver did not see the beautiful lake with its shining waters and the winding road which found its course beyond the water, nor the blue, blue sky, as he sat in the window seat in his room. He had a weighty problem to solve, and he was pondering and meditating, oblivious of the beauties of nature in which, at another time, his artistic soul would have reveled. He sat for some time in deep thought, his head resting on his hands, when, suddenly, he stood up, straightened himself to his full height and addressed the picture of his mother which hung on the wall opposite him.

"You're a plucky little woman. Indeed you are! But I'll help you out. You **shall** not blind yourself by designing and painting while I enjoy myself at college. You shall not!"

He paced back and forth evidently struggling with himself after he had made his decision. Once more, before he called his decision final, did he review the facts which had caused him to make this resolution. He had been a happy-go-lucky, thoughtless lad, without sorrow or responsibility, until a month ago when his father died. From his earliest recollections he had planned to go to college, and then to become a famous artist by painting portraits and sketches. Two months ago he had been graduated from high school. He had been positive then that he should enter college in the fall. Now, however, it seemed as if he must change his plans. His father had provided nothing for his family besides some insurance money. "To be sure," Mrs. Culver had said, "there is the college money your father put in the bank for you, but of course we won't touch that, for that is yours. Therefore there is nothing left for me to do except to go to designing while you are in college."

His mother was not young any more, Ralph reflected, and it would not do for her to harm her eyes by such work as designing. Yet, oh, how he wanted to go to college! Now he must give that idea up for the less enjoyable one of doing something to support his mother and himself. Still, he thought, he might be able to go to evening school.

He discussed his plans with his mother who protested at first, but finally consented to his

plan. Thus it was that the fall found Ralph not in college but in an office in the capacity of clerk.

Ralph also went to evening school and worked at his painting with a will. He aimed to discover the flaws in his work and to correct them as he went along. In this he had the help of a teacher who was interested in him.

One day his teacher told him of a prize of one hundred dollars which was offered to amateurs by a society of women interested in art. The conditions governing the contest were that the painting must tell a story of human interest to be considered worthy of the prize, and that the painting would be put on exhibition in one of the society's rooms.

Ralph worked with enthusiasm for the prize. For the society was one of note and he knew that, should he win, he would, no doubt, be able to realize his ambitions. Ralph submitted his painting, about which he had not told his mother, and thought no more about it.

About six months later, he received a check for one hundred dollars, and a note telling him that some man, who did not wish his name known, offered to defray Ralph's expenses for five years while he studied art in Europe. The gentleman, the note stated, thought that Ralph ought to have an opportunity to develop his talent.

Ralph showed his mother the note and check. She immediately demanded to know all about the contest. Ralph brought forth a copy of the painting he had submitted and showed it to Mrs. Culver. What she saw was a middle-aged woman sitting at a table, knitting, her work basket before her. The woman was very sweet and motherly. On closer examination, Mr. Culver saw that the face was her own. The atmosphere of the background of the picture was cozy and homelike. The picture was entitled "Mother." It was her son's tribute to his mother.

Jack: What is the best way to get wrong things out of a child's head?

Jill: Give it up.

Jack: Comb it often.

OUR HERITAGE OF AMERICANISM AND ITS MAINTENANCE

[Editor's Note.—To cultivate in high school students a keener appreciation of American ideals, the local chapter of Sons of the American Revolution offered prizes for the best essays, on the assigned topic, submitted by high school pupils of the city. The essay here presented was awarded first prize in Barringer, and first prize in the city at large.]

By Mary Margaret Barr, June, 1921

This topic is timely. The shadow of Bolshevism at home and abroad, the industrial crisis in England, the economic and industrial disturbances in our own republic, and the wave of crime and disregard for law and order throughout the land are excellent reasons for the study of the principles and ideals which constitute the heritage left us by our forefathers.

What is the meaning of Americanism, and for what does it stand? History and those matchless documents, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, give much light on the subject. The following quotation from the Declaration of Independence reveals the fundamental principles of Americanism:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

One of the first principles of Americanism is embodied in the words, "all men are created equal." This cannot mean equality of wealth, ancestors, or physical strength, for every-day facts prove the opposite. But it does mean for all equality before the law, and an equal chance to get on in the world. Among the members of the little band on the Mayflower were men of culture, education, and comparative wealth. But, as they believed that all men are created equal, they drew up and signed the famous compact in order that the absolute equality of all as to rights, privileges, and opportunities might be recognized.

Another principle dear to our forefathers was religious freedom. To secure it the Pilgrims risked their lives. To bequeath it to their descendents was their fondest hope. The

first amendment to the Constitution of the United States guarantees religious freedom in these words:

"Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Hence, from the earliest colonial days, Hebrew, Romanist, and Protestant have been free, in America, to worship God as conscience dictated.

A devout and unwavering belief in God is also a marked characteristic of our heritage. To the founders of our nation, religion was the most important thing in life. It was religion that brought them to the New World. It was religion that sustained them in the presence of discouragement, disaster, and death. It was religion that quickened their conscience, strengthened their will, and crystallized their purpose. "South America was settled by men seeking gold, but North America was settled by men seeking God." Therefore, a vital religion is a part of our inheritance.

A very important element of our heritage is a democratic form of government. From the town meeting, such as was long used in Newark, came our present form of government. As population grew, government, of necessity, became representative. But it was still a "government of the people, by the people and for the people," deriving its "just powers from the consent of the governed." So wisely did our ancestors plan, that the government which they bequeathed to us has been copied, in its essential features, by most of the democracies of the world.

Reverence for law and obedience thereto is the fifth important part of our heritage. The Pilgrims were among the first to realize the necessity for respectful obedience to law in the New World. A very significant picture is that of the cabin of the Mayflower where the settlers were gathered to bind themselves to respect the law and government which should be set up in the wilderness. These rugged pioneers firmly established on our shores and bequeathed to us the principle, so essential to stable government, that the highest form of freedom is found in obedience to law.

The principle of universal education is an-

other element in our heritage. From the time of the earliest settlement in America, everyone from the Cape Cod fishermen and the Yankee farmer to the Huguenot and southern planter realized the importance of education. They all saw that a self-governing people must be an intelligent people, or their government cannot long endure. Provision was, therefore, made for schools in which all the young people were given the rudiments of an education. Colleges were also founded for the higher education of the gifted. Thus, very early in Colonial history, did the principle of universal education become a fixed one, which grew with the growth of the nation until the ambitious modern system of American education was developed. For this, also, are we indebted to those who have gone before.

Such is the heritage we received. But trying times have come. A world war has shaken our inheritance to its foundations, and revealed undreamed-of weaknesses. Disloyalty has raised its head. Crime and violence are abroad in the land. Ignorance and illiteracy have shown their stolid faces. Hatred, selfishness, and irreligion walk the streets. These are dangers which imperil our national institutions. But it is not too late to save our heritage and restore it to its former splendor if a wise course is followed. Some of the perils are from without, but the majority are found within our own borders.

To guard against those from without, undesirable immigrants should be refused admittance to the United States. We should not admit to our land those who are hostile to the principles of our government, those who come not to adopt but to destroy our ideals. We should shut out those who would not be whole-souled in their loyalty to the Stars and Stripes. But the gates should remain open for those who love our institutions and our flag and who long to become loyal American citizens.

The laws against crime should be also strengthened and enforced so impartially and universally as to bring about a genuine respect for law and a general obedience to it, such as does not now exist. Feeble and irregular enforcement of law results in disregard and contempt for it. Maintain the majesty of

the law, and crime will be less common, and life and property more safe.

Our heritage is threatened not only by disregard for law and order but by illiteracy. The nation was appalled to find that, notwithstanding our boasted system of education, thirteen millions of our people cannot read English, the language in which our laws and Constitution are written. Here is where our educational system has failed, and our heritage of Americanism will never be safe so long as this condition continues. Roosevelt was right when he said:

"We have room for but one language here and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns out people as Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house."

But the education of the head is not sufficient; the heart must be educated also. "Religious illiteracy and the resulting moral anaemia are the gravest dangers now threatening the stability of our civil institutions. There must be a deepening of the religious life of the nation if all the dangers that threaten our heritage are driven out. Our forefathers were deeply religious; and the religion gave vigor to their consciences. They believed with the Hebrew poet that "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." Happy and fortunate and safe would be our nation and our heritage if practical, thorough-going religion dominated the lives of its people. Then the application of the Golden Rule would become possible, and this practical "doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us" throughout the land would banish hatred and selfishness, would settle all our social and industrial problems, at home, and would lead our nation to meet its international obligations in a noble and fraternal way.

Proper restriction of immigration, a deepening of the nation's respect for law and order, and an educational system that will banish ignorance and illiteracy, and the daily practice by all of the highest teachings of religion—these will maintain our heritage unsullied and make us "a nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Definition: A co-ed is a girl who can look at a piece of mistletoe and never get a thrill.

SCHOOL

NEWS

BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL
COMMENCEMENT

June 23, 1921

A friend of the school has furnished funds for what is known as the Doris Lindsay prizes in French, in memory of Doris Lindsay, a member of the class of January, 1921, who died just before commencement in January. Three equal prizes were awarded to Thelma Ruffkess, Marcus Block, and Margaret Kohn.

The prize of the local chapter of the Alliance Francaise, a silver medal, awarded for excellence in French for three years, was awarded to Stuart M. Blodgett.

The Rennselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, N. Y., offers a medal every year for the student who has done the best work in mathematics and science. This was awarded to Frank Chew.

The graduating class left a hundred dollar Liberty Bond, the interest on which is to be given to the student at Barringer each year who has accomplished the most for his school; either in scholarship, athletics, or in any other matter the Committee of Award may decide.

Girls' Department of Physical Education

Black cords are given to those who have had:

1. 9 in mark for both terms of the senior year.
2. A in posture.
3. Who have shown through their course a spirit of co-operation and good conduct.
4. Who have had a shadowgraph taken.

Constance Carpenter	Madeline McMullin
Annie Dillingham	Blanche Nixon
Miriam Hoffman	Margaret Randall
Marian Knight	Phyllis Stansbury
Rosalie Lewitt	Catharine Williams
Harriette Newkirk	Margaret Williams

To those who have acquired a cord, or its equivalent for the four years of their course, is added a tassel:

Bertha Gordinier	Miriam Klein
Ida Silidker	Beatrice Grossbach
Charlotte Stearns	

AUDITORIUM EXERCISES

At the auditorium exercises on June 14, Mr. Stearns introduced Dr. Given of the Newark Academy. Dr. Given had come to Barringer as a representative from the "Sons of the American Revolution." He announced that Mary Margaret Barr had won the first prize for the best essay submitted by students of Newark's high schools.

Catherine Williams' essay was the second best essay in the school. Mary Margaret read her essay after the announcement of the awards.

The Boys' Glee Club favored us with several songs, among which were: "Sea-Fever," "The Camel and the Butterfly," and "Duna."

The best part of the musical program, however, was yet to come. Master William Fulper, a small boy soprano of a boy's choir, sang several songs to the great delight of his audience.

We hope that in the future we may enjoy a number of such musical programs.

THE GIRLS' LEAGUE

The Girls' League was started in February, 1919, by Mrs. Poland in an attempt to bring the girls of Barringer together into a society to which every Barringer girl could belong.

The meetings are held twice a month during auditorium period. This is Barringer's largest organization, yet the work is carried on without dues.

Officers are nominated and elected by secret

ballot—surely a fine preparation for the time when we are going to vote in government elections—and think of it, we have a girl for president!

The meetings are interesting ones. Many outside speakers come who always have something worth while to say. Then, sometimes, we have little tots to dance or sing for us. Sometimes the meetings are held out of doors. All the girls bring their lunches to the park and ice cream is served.

Then, too, we have a fashion promenade in June, with photographs of our girls in the newspapers. Through the Girls' League the freshman girls will surely get acquainted with school activities and get some Barringer Spirit.

THE THALIANS

Have you ever said to yourself, "I wouldn't go on the stage if I have to leave Barringer?" Or have you ever felt embarrassed in speaking before an audience? If you have, just join the Thalians and the practicing on the stage will make you feel at home even before an audience.

All students interested in dramatics are in the Barringer Thalians. Positions for the several characters in a play are obtained by trial. Join the Thalians if you wish, try your skill at acting.

During the June term, in spite of the double session, the Thalians presented three plays with success, namely:

"Where, But in America?"

"The Dumb Cake."

"A Sunny Morning."



Barringer's debating club has held meetings in Room 51 every Thursday. At each meeting a debate was held and a general discussion of subject usually followed the debate. We urge every one, both boys and girls from sophomores to seniors included, to support this organization. Most likely Barringer will undertake another debate under the Rutgers Interscholastic League in a few months.

You are not asked to pay any dues, or

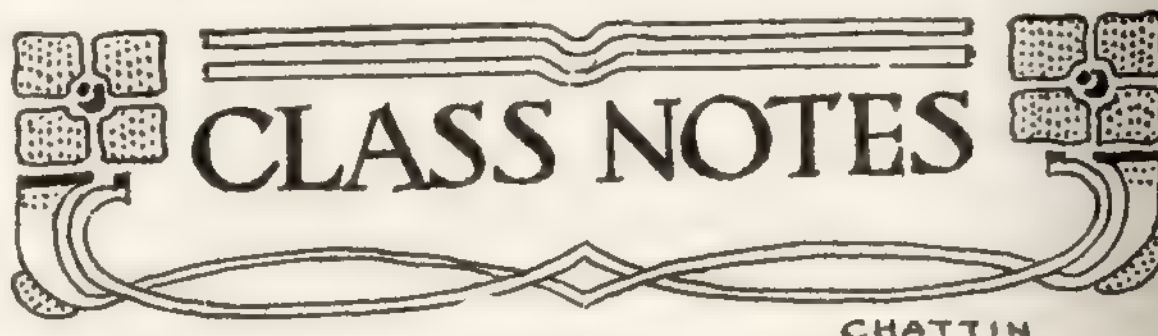
undergo any initiation, so don't be afraid to come out and boost the Rostrum.



The A. A. holds its meetings in Room 45. All boys who wish to take part in athletics must get a membership card from the A. A. If you wish to attend the meetings be sure to have your card with you. If you don't have it with you, you will not be admitted; or as Sam says, "No tickie, no washie."

THE SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club is open to every Barringer student. The programs are always interesting; in proof of this we mention the lectures on "Liquid Air" and "Sound Signaling Devices," given not so long ago. The more support the Barringer students give to this club, the bigger the tasks the Science Club can undertake, and thus give interesting programs.



4B CLASS

The 4B Class held the last meeting of the term in Room 33 on Monday, June 23. The resolution, introduced to change our system of election of officers, was voted down after a lengthy discussion. The class is ready to take possession of everything which the 4A's bequeathed to the future 4A's. By the time this issue of the Acropolis reaches your hands, the Class of January '22 will be ready to undertake the duties of Senior A's.

THE DISCUSSION CLUB

The Discussion Club holds its meetings on Tuesday evenings in the Boys' Division of the Y. M. C. A. The speakers and discussions are always of interest to boys. All Barringer boys are invited to visit this club. The members of the Discussion Club are served supper in the dining-room of the Boys' Division, Y. M. C. A. Watch for announcements from the platform.

(Continued on page 21)



HUMOR

NEW BOOKS BY BARRINGER AUTHORS

"When I Was a Boy," by the Reverend Percy Olton. In this volume Dr. Olton tells of his experiences when a boy. These quite rival those of "Penrod" and "Peck's Bad Boy." The work should be read by all boys between the ages of ten and twenty. The episodes should be taken to heart that no one shall hereafter repeat the wild actions so well known to the whole city, at the time of Dr. Olton's boyhood.

"Latin Made Easy," by Edmund Catiline Dippel, Jr. This book should be in the homes of all. Mr. Dippel instructs his readers concerning the most advantageous seats in the classroom. Numerous excuses are herein provided in case of leaving the lesson unprepared. And, **mirabile dictu**, there are one hundred and sixty-seven of these, all of which are different. The work is invaluable and no one will regret having laid out five dollars to purchase it.

"Tricks of the Voice," by Miss Kathryn Elkins. A most remarkable booklet, telling of the wonderful ways in which the power of speech may be utilized. This pamphlet is recommended especially to 1B's, who will profit greatly in all lines, by learning these remarkable feats of the vocal organs.

"The Encyclopedia for Barringerites," by Mr. Robert McConnell Metcalfe. These remarkable volumes contain all the advice one attending Barringer could possibly desire. One volume is devoted to contortions of the hands, alone, while another contains the various methods used in securing the highly prized article, **the drag**. A mere glancing over of these books will enable the reader to amuse

the whole class without danger of the teacher interfering or even knowing about it.

"Reynold's Special Dictionary," by Miss Eleanor Reynolds. We feel sure this dictionary will soon be in use in all schools, business houses, and private homes. Miss Reynolds specializes in the pronunciation of all words likely to give any one any trouble. She also gives a very thorough and clear definition of the word which is now taking the country by storm. We feel that it is needless to mention that this word is "sophakistic."

They Tipped the Scales Liberally

"How does Louis' family rate in the social scale?"

"Well, money carries a lot of weight, you know."

Boxer: Is there any soup on the bill of fare?
Waiter: There was, sir! but I wiped it off.

Miss Ribbans: Someone stole three sets of harness from our stables.

Policeman: Did the thief leave any traces?

Gladys: No, he took traces and all.

Mary had a stick of gum,
She chewed it long and slow!
And everywhere that Mary went,
The gum was sure to go!
One day it went to school with her
Which was against the rule,
So she stuck it to the chair
And chewed it after school!

Polly Van Doren (translating): Am I going to get ten?

Eddie: Isn't it strange. Nothing we have in this world will be of use to us in the next.

Bob: I don't know. You'd better hang onto that book you've got about "What to Do in Case of Fire."

Toby: Townley wants to borrow some money from me. Do you know anything about him?

Bill: I know him as well as I do you. I wouldn't let him have a nickel.

Melita: What did the editor say when you took him your story entitled "The Wishing Rug."

Nell: He told me to beat it!

Partington: Fortune knocks once at every man's door.

Jeffries: Yes, but his daughter knocks at mine.

Ed: Whaddayamean?

Jeff: Why, Miss Fortune.

Exact Answers

A witness in court had been cautioned to be very exact in his answers and not talk about what he thought the question meant. The cross-questioning was as follows:

"You drive a wagon?"

"No, sir! I do not!"

"Didn't you tell your friend a minute ago that you drive a wagon?"

"No, sir! I did not."

"On your honor, do you drive a wagon?"

"No, sir! I do not!"

"What is your occupation then?"

"I drive a horse."

How's Business?

"Dead slow," said the undertaker.

"Gone to the dogs," growled the sausage maker.

"At a complete standstill," said the stationary dealer.

"Just sew, sew," replied the dressmaker.

"Picking up," observed the ragman.

"Pretty fair," admitted the exposition promoter.

"Booming," exclaimed the ammunition manufacturer.

In History

Dotty: Bull Run! I wonder what made the bull run.

Marjorie: Probably he saw the cowslip!

Salzman: A ship arrived in New York the other day, named "Fido."

Blumberg: Probably a bark.

Interested

George Haight: Your name, please, miss!

She: Iona Carr.

George: Oh, do you? Where is it?

Mrs. Hattersley: I'd rather you didn't go sailing with that young man, Janet. I don't believe he knows a thing about a sailboat.

Janet: Oh, yes, he does, mama! He showed me a letter from a New York firm saying that he is a very good salesman.

Betty: Does Bill cut much ice as a skater?

Lizabeth: No, but he breaks a lot of it.

In the Lunch Room

Mr. Taylor: I'm glad this coffee doesn't owe me money!

Mr. Hart: Why?

Mr. Taylor: Because it will never settle.

Can you swim?

Yes.

Where did you learn?

In the water.

How did you learn?

I began at the bottom and worked myself up.

Anything else you want to say?

Yes.

What?

No.

Janitor: I would recommend that all fire extinguishers be refilled at least ten days before each fire.

Dippel: I fell out of a window once, and the sensation was terrible. During my transit through the air I really believe I thought every mean act I had ever committed in my life.

DeVoe: You must have fallen an awful distance.

So Pitkins has gone into the shoe business?
How is he doing?
Fine. He's selling his goods right and left.

Despite the world war and the downfall of autocracy there are still a great many kings in this world.

The most powerful is Wor-king; the laziest is Shir-king; one of the worst is Smo-king; the wittiest is Jo-king; the wisest is Thin-king; the thirstiest is Drin-king; the shyest is Win-king, and the noisiest is Tal-king.

Personal Department, Acropolis

Latin Teacher (to boy chewing gum): Quid est Hoc? (What is this?)

Latin Pupil: Hoc est Quid. (This is quid-cud.)

'21: "I hear you come home on the Crap Shooters' Special."

'23: "What is that?"

'21: "The 7:11."

A.: I hear you have a position in a bank?

B.: Yes.

A.: Are you the cashier?

B.: No; I'm the draft clerk.

A.: Is that right?

B.: Yes; I open and shut the doors and have charge of the ventilators.

Bana: Do you know the population of New York?

Magno: No, but you see we only lived there two years.

Will some one please break the window and relieve the pane?

The smile that won't come off—Blumberg's.

'23: "Is he as dumb as he looks?"

'24: "Dumb? Why he is so dumb that he thinks Babe Ruth is a burlesque star."

Every man should take pride in his life work. Two street sweepers seated on a curbstone were discussing a comrade who died the day before.

"Bill certainly was a good sweeper," said one.

"Y-e-s," conceded the other thoughtfully. "But don't you think he was a little weak around the lamp posts?"

Modesty Itself

I once knew
A girl
Who was so modest,
That she wouldn't
Even do
Improper fractions.

Zuyder: "When the rider fell at the military circus the horse tore his pants."

Zee: "I didn't know horses wore pants."

"Mama, why has papa no hair?"

"Because he thinks so much, my dear."

"But why have you so much?"

"Because—go away and do your lessons, you naughty boy."

When he got out of bed, old Agrippa,
Intended to slip on his slipper,
But the floor near his bed,
He slipped on instead,
And he saw the North Star and the Dipppa

"I thought you had thrown Arthur over?"

"I did, but you know how a girl throws."

"I see you are putting up a good many new buildings."

"Yes, new buildings are the only kind we put up."

What He Needed

She wrote to him and said, "Dear Tom—
Won't you invite me to the prom?
If you're too bashful, I've got Jack."

* * * * *

"Fine! Bring it all, dear," he wrote back.

A witty young soph, quite absurd,
Once in speaking of customs averred,
That he thought beyond doubt
With beliefs firm and stout,
"Freshman ties should be seen and not heard."

There's a reason—why the sanctum is usually locked.

Once tried, always used—that little "horse."
His master's voice—Mr. Stearns.
Pointex—Those tacks you sit on.

Rotunda: "Some of these fullbacks should be barred."

Lucas: "Why?"

Rotunda: "Because, they got an awful kick."

Brienza: "What does 'scatter the rear of darkness' mean?" (L'Allegro.)

Rotunda: "Oh! That means that he was scattering the last rays of darkness."

Knicker: "Gee, my nose has been running all day!"

Bocker: "If I were a nose on a face like yours, I'd run too."

Byrnes: "Which studies do you like the best?"

Rotunda: "It makes no difference; I sleep well in all of them."

Lucas: "Rotunda has experience as a sardine packer."

Ricciardi: "Why, did he ever pack sardines?"

Lucas: "Yes, he was a conductor for the P. S. on the Broad line in the summer."

There was an item in the paper stating that Mr. Wilson has gained health and is ready to go to work.

Personals

Mr. Taylor: "Now, if I should attach myself to an automobile, I wouldn't be an automobile."

Rotunda: "No. You would be a trailer."

Mother: "Your grandmother was buried yesterday and you play the piano."

Child: "But I'm playing on the black keys only."

Rotunda: "Mr. Stearns, I would like to drop American history."

Mr. Stearns: "Why?"

Rotunda: "Because it's too dry."

Mr. Stearns: "Well, this is a dry country."

Easy There

A.: Do you western chaps go in for pipe courses?

B.: Sure! I'm taking hydraulics and sewers.

—Widow.

Real Reasoning

Dot: "Why weren't you in school today, Phil?"

Phil Wood: "I stayed home because of sickness."

Dot: "Who's sick, may I ask?"

Phil: "The truant officer."

Misjudgment

Student: I don't think I should get zero on this paper.

Teacher: I don't either, but that was the lowest I could give you.

Wear Clocks and Be on Time

First Student: Why is Kurt Thum always late for class?

Second Student: Oh, his socks are guaranteed against running.

Ask Dad, Etc.

"Well, my little man, how would you like your hair cut?"

One Bee: "Just like my dad's with a round hole on top."

Bob: Yes, she has a glass eye.

Gordon: How do you know?

Bob: I was talking to her the other day and it came out in the course of conversation.

What's in a Name?

City boy (at school outing): O-oli! Look at the pretty boid."

Teacher: "That isn't a boid, Harry, it's a bird."

Harry: "Well, anyway, it makes a noise like a boid!"—Life.

When a man gets killed by a railroad the first thing he does is to sue for damages.

Blumberg: "Can you tell me the difference between a man who has seen Niagara Falls and a man who hasn't, and a ham sandwich?"

Boxer: "I don't know. I'll bite?"

Blumberg: "Well, one's seen the mist and the other missed the scene."

Boxer: "Yea, but what's the ham sandwich for?"

Blumberg: "That's what you bite on."



ATHLETICS-

A CHEERING SQUAD

Barringer is going to have this season A CHEERING SQUAD!

Advance plans have been laid, and a complete organization has been started. The cheering squad promises a great improvement on previous rooting.

Below, are a few, just a few, of the many details about this "colossal" and "stupendous" squad:

1. Squad will consist of five hundred or more Barringer students.
 2. All students desirous of boosting Barringer and her team, and who'll root at all the games, are eligible.
 3. There will be regular mass meetings at which new yells, songs and ideas will be introduced.
 4. Special reserved section at all games for the rooters in the squad.
 5. There will be a complete organization from entrance to field to last whistle, eliminating unsuccessful attempts at unison.
 6. A big brass band in our section at the East Orange game will be on hand.
 7. Each rooter will possess a small eight-inch megaphone. These megaphones will be obtainable at the school in a few days.
- This squad will be organized solely for the

purpose of supporting our team and at all times boosting it. There are many more ideas and plans which will be announced later.

Let's get together and push this, folks!

FOOTBALL NEWS

Well, here we are again! Football has again started and Barringer is rapidly developing a fast team. At the organization meetings, a fine bunch of raw material has shown up, besides many of our "veterans," including Ayers, Woerner, Byrnes, Cross, Avallone, Malanga, Haney, and Sliker.

"Curt" Thum, whom we all remember as last year's center and who plays a fine game, will captain the squad.

Coach Pritchard, after having received some very tempting and profitable offers to coach football at outside institutions, has finally decided to remain with us. We're with you, Coach, and we all remember your fine work last year.

However, there's a great deal to be done, and it's up to us to help our coach, captain and team in every way we are able.

BARRINGER'S FOOTBALL SCHEDULE 1921

- Oct. 1—Paterson H. S.....City Field
 8—Philipsburg H. S.....City Field
 15—Lawrenceville Prep....Lawrenceville

- 22—Central H. S.....City Field
 29—Dickinson H. S.....
 Nov. 5—South Side H. S.....City Field
 12—Montclair H. S.....Montclair
 19—East Side H. S.....City Field

THANKSGIVING DAY—**EAST ORANGE.....E. O.****ALMA MATER SONG**

Words by Junius W. Stevens.

Tune: "Lauriger Horatius."

Over many a city old,
 Famed in song and story
 Temple grey and castle old
 Catch the sunset glory.
 So our Alma Mater proud
 Looks o'er vale and meadow,
 High between the sailing cloud
 And its drifting shadow.
 For her colors, first the blue,
 Of the April valley;
 Then December's wintry hue
 When the storm winds rally.
 Newark High, thy fame we raise,
 Many voices blending;
 Through the years we pledge thee praise,
 Loyal to life's ending.

TOUCHDOWN SONG

Words by Franklin Crosse.

Tune: "Dartmouth Touchdown Song."

Cheer, all cheer, for Barringer,
 As the backs go down the field;
 For we're all true to Barringer,
 And her sons will never yeld—
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Fight, fight, fight for victory
 And cheer for every play—
 Touchdown, touchdown, Barringer,
 The team must win today.

B-A-R-R-I-N-G-E-R

Words by Franklin Crosse.

Tune: "Dartmouth."

B-A-R-R-I-N-G-E-R,
 Dear Alma Mater, we sing to thee,
 Thy fame we'll e'er uphold,
 Loyal sons we'll be to Barringer
 Thy name we'll honor,
 To thee be true,
 Long wave her banner
 Of white and blue.

**ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD OR
DIAMOND**

Words by William Lee, '13.

Tune: "Orange and Black."

On the football field or diamond,
 Let us round our standard throng,
 Not a hundred, but a thousand;
 Let our ranks be firm and strong.
 Then, with mighty song and shouting,
 We will urge our comrades true
 To repeat the by-gone triumphs,
 Of the dear old white and blue.

When at last the game is over,
 Whether fortune smile or frown,
 With the same untarnished honor,
 We will all our heroes crown.
 And we'll sing their praise and glory
 Till these halls ring through and through
 "They were true to Alma Mater,
 And the dear old white and blue."

BARRINGER CHEERS**The Al, Al**

Alcibides, Sock it to him, Socrates,
 Mithridites, Shamrinites, Peloponeseus, Boom!
 Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! High School!
 Newark! Newark! Newark!

New Short Yell

(For player, coach, etc.)

Yeh, Coach! Yeh, Pritchard! Yeh, Coach
 Pritchard!

Old Short Yell

(For player, coach, etc.)

Barringer! Rah! Rah! Pritchard!

Old Locomotive

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Ray! Ray! Ray!

N-E-W-A-R-K

Newark, Newark, Newark, Team, Team Team

New Locomotive

B-A-R-R-I-N-G-E-R,

B-A-R-R-I-N-G-E-R,

B-A-R-R-I-N-G-E-R,

Barringer! Barringer!

Team! Team! Tea

Skyrocket

Skyrocket! Whistle. Boom!—Ah!
Team! Team! Team!

Wah! Who! Wah!
Wah! Who! Wah!
Wah! Who! Wah!
B. H. S. B. H. S.
Barringer!
Wah! Who! Wah!

Princeton Yell

Oooooooooorah!
Oooooooooorah!
Oooooooooorah!
Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight.
Oooooooooorah!
Oooooooooorah!
Oooooooooorah!
Barringer! Barringer! Barringer!

New Nine Rah Yell

Ray! (long).
Ray!
Ray!
Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah, Rah.
Ray,
Ray,
TEAM!

Also, these below, which come in handy very often:

We want a touchdown!
Yeah Thum! Yeah Thum! Yeah Thum!
Rip 'em up, Barringer!
Hold 'em, Barringer!
Razz clap!

Here's a new one, folks! What do you think of it? It's called the "Alamem." Are you ready? Hip—hip—

Alamem! Alamem!
Alamem-cock-toco-yis-kitta-boom-boom!
Yeah! Team!
(Like a lot of our yells they must be heard, to be appreciated.)

NEW CHEERS

Barringer has some of the snappiest and best cheers "on the market."

But, we're going to spring a few new ones just for variety and surprise.

If you have any ideas for new yells, let us know about them and we'll try them out.

Think of the thrill of having one of **your** masterpieces resounding again and again from twelve hundred voices! And then, it will be engraved on your diploma, absolutely free!

But really, we need boosters. R U 1?

The Acropolis box in the office will be glad to take care of your cheers.

Send 'em in, folks!

Sanctum Sayings

DeVoe: "Say, Hammond, if you don't cut out making so much noise you'll get thrown out."

John: "Huh, I should worry. I've been thrown out of better places than this."

Miss Reynolds: "Say, Westrich, can you carry a tune?"

Louis: "Sure. Didn't I sing in the Glee Club?"

Nell: "Then please carry that one you're whistling out in the park and leave it there."

Toby: Say, George, do you know that you remind me of a safety razor?"

Haight: "I remind you of a safety razor? What do you mean?"

Toby: "Well, all I hear is 'Could Gillette me have a dime' or 'Could Gillette me have two bits'."

Bob: Do you think dancing is progressing.

Anne: Apparently not.

Hart: Yes, many spots in the park are ancient battle grounds. Take Lovers' Lane for instance.

Dippel: Lovers' Lane? Nonsense.

Gordon: Not at all, look at all the engagements that have taken place there.

DeVoe: What does she say in that letter?

Perry: Oh, nothing to speak of.

Harlan: Is that the kind of letter she writes?

Heavens! We hear they are going to give make-up exams at girls' finishing schools.



EXCHANGE

Acknowledgments

"Distaff," Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.
 "Crescent," Clinton High School, Clinton,
 N. Y.

"Normal Leader," Fredonia Normal and High
 School, Fredonia, N. J.

"Tuskegee Student," Tuskegee Institute,
 Alabama.

"Yale Alumni Weekly," New Haven, Conn.

"Yale News," New Haven, Conn.

"Semaphore," Mansfield State Normal School,
 Mansfield, Pa.

"Speed Up," Submarine Boat Corporation,
 Newark, N. J.

"The Alleynian," Dulwich College, England.

"The Lal Bagh Chronicle," Lucknow, India.

"The Wesleyan Argus," Middletown, Conn.

"The Tuskegee Student," Tuskegee, Alabama.

"The Polytechnic," Troy, N. Y.

"Office Topics," Newark, N. J.

"The Alleynian," Dulwich College, England.

We were very glad to receive this publica-
 tion from overseas, as it gives us such a
 lot of information about school life over
 there. Some jokes would brighten up this
 magazine considerably.

"The Lal Bagh Chronicle," Lucknow, India.

This issue of your quarterly has an espe-
 cially good literary department, "Lal Bagh
 Institutions" being most interesting to us.
 A few cuts at the head of the different de-
 partments would add to the appearance of
 your paper.

"The Polytechnic," Troy, N. Y.

Your paper has an excellent staff, espe-

cially the sporting editor, whose descrip-
 tion of "Rensselaer vs. Hamilton" is fine
 and vivid.

"The Owl," Bryant High School, Long Island
 City, N. Y.

Your May number is very good, although
 the cover might stand improvement. The
 "Elegy by a 92nd Street Trolley" is a
 clever piece of work. The cuts you have
 are to the point.

"The Sunrise," East Side High, Erie, Pa.

Your April issue is an interesting number.
 Having the Latin, French and Spanish
 articles in their native languages is quite
 original. Your "Calendar" department is
 very individual and nice. The jokes are
 good, but more would be better still. Why
 not make your cover represent a school
 paper?

"The Rocket," June, Ramsey High School,
 Ramsey, N. J.

A very enjoyable number. Your cover is
 artistic and very well suited to a school
 paper. Why not have more than one
 story? A few cuts would greatly improve
 your paper.

"The Distaff."

An attractive publication, well edited. The
 material is excellent and well arranged.
 Fine! Come again.

"The Crescent."

Again we must say your paper is fine, but
 advise printing literature instead of a de-
 bate, which your readers have heard.

"The Normal Leader."

A paper with snap and originality. Your
 editorials and jokes deserve much praise.

DIRECTORY OF GRADUATES

Betty H. Holland, Chairman	
Sidney Blumberg	Irene Fine
Wellesley:	N. Y. U.:
Constance Carpenter, '21	Harry Sherman, '20
Rutgers:	George Owen, '21
Estelle Kamm, '19	Adele Solow, '20
Edward Daniels, '20	Arthur Hyman, '21
Jane Grimes, '19	Vassar:
Normal School:	Louise Durand, '20
Aileen Powderly, '21	Margaret Kohn, '21
Lillian Etling, '20	Jean Urguhart, '19
Mary Crowe, '21	Harvard:
Junior College at South Side:	Joseph Gold, '20
Marion Knight, '21	Gondolfo Rizzo, '20
Mildred Greene, '21	Cornell:
Emma Zeigler, '21	Harry Davis, '20
La Salle:	Helen Sichel, '20
Arline Alsopp, '21	Ralph Urmy, '20
Yale:	Frank Chew, '21
Meyer Fisch, '21	Stevens:
Robert Winans, '21	Morris Sklaw, '20
Princeton:	Walter Schroeder, '20
Leslie Wallace, '20	Lloyd Welter, '20
Clement Golden, '21	Anthony Wostruff, '20
Stuart Blodgett, '21	Wheaton, Ill.:
Williams:	Jean Lutz, '19
Fred Frost, '21	
Wm. Sullivan, '20	

(Continued from page 12)

THE SPANISH CLUB

The purpose of the Spanish Club is to bring students of the subject together at monthly meetings, so that they may get some of the things it is impossible to give them in the regular classroom routine.

Programs are prepared by the members themselves. Playlets are presented in Spanish, Spanish songs are sung and the life and customs of the people studied.

It is hoped that this will be the best year the club has had. Efforts will be made to secure interesting speakers and the student programs will be better than ever.

All students of the subject are invited to become members at the first meeting to be announced soon. Just because you are only beginning the study of the language is no reason why you cannot join us. Everybody is welcome!

IL CIRCOLO ITALIANO

The Italian Club is looking forward to another year of constant and pleasant activity. Last term they laid the foundation for a broad subject of interesting study by furnishing the Dante Alcove in the Barringer Library. They will continue to seek for fitting material, in

books and pictures, with which to enrich the alcove.

They are also contemplating the further study of Florence, the Divine Poet's birthplace. One of the members of the club is traveling now in Italy with the student party sent by the International Scholastic Fund, and he has been commissioned by Miss Mancusi-Ungaro to bring back views and scenes of the famous cities they are visiting, especially from Venice, Genoa, Rome, Florence and Naples. These will be used at the club meetings and informal sessions of the classes in Italian.

The club is invited to commence activities by attending, in a body, the civic exercises taking place Sunday afternoon, September 18th, at 4 o'clock, in front of the Newark City Hall, when the bronze bust of Dante will be presented to the City of Newark by the Italians of the city, as a fitting commemoration of the six hundredth anniversary of Dante's death. The bust will be placed later in the Newark Public Library.

THE FACULTY'S SUMMER MEMORIES

A year ago, the Acropolis published an article under this same heading. The student body showed interest in the novelty, so the Acropolis submits another brief account of the faculty's summer vacation.

Our principal, Mr. Stearns, had charge of the Summer School. After school closed he divided his time between Lake Champlain and the coast of Massachusetts. He had a good vacation but he says, "As I didn't go with my car I had to pay the railroads large fares; yes, sir, large fares." After assisting Mr. Stearns, Miss Disbrow went to Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

Some of our faculty taught in our school during the summer and used the remaining time to rest up for the fall term. After summer school closed Mr. Ammarell spent his vacation with his parents at Reading, Pennsylvania. Mr. Stonsifer motored through the Adirondacks, then by way of Rochester and Buffalo to Warren, Pennsylvania. He returned home through southern New York on the Liberty highway. The distance covered was 1,435 miles. Before school opened for the summer session Mr. Noll went bass fishing in Big Buffalo Creek, Pennsylvania. Mr. Dann spent his vacation on

a New York farm. Mr. Barr, before and after the summer session, rusticated in New Hampshire and Maine. Mr. Saylor found the State of Pennsylvania a good place to rest up for a few days. Miss Clarke and Miss Tunstead, at the close of summer school, motored to Culver's Lake and Pennsylvania. Mr. L. Taylor, a new member of our faculty, also taught in Barringer for the summer, but found time to divide a few weeks between Harrisburg and the Delaware Water Gap. The State of Pennsylvania is popular with the science teachers, for Mr. Dumm also spent the last two weeks of August there, visiting his father. Mr. Snively watched the fish and went bathing at Belmar. Mr. Marts found South Jersey a fine place for automobiling, fishing and oystering. At the close of summer school Miss Hummel went to Stone Ridge, where she spent her vacation quietly. Mr. Hart said that he "dished out" books in the Barringer Library and tried to divide the rest of the time between his home and the golf links. Mr. Sanders tried his skill at painting on a farm in Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, after a busy six weeks at Barringer. When asked how he spent the summer, Mr. Ellis said, "My vacation, like the whole of Gaul, was divided into three parts—summer school—a visit to Connecticut—and hay-fever.

Some of our faculty taught elsewhere during the summer. Mr. Baumann, who comes to the Boys' Physical Training Department, taught at Abington Avenue School, where he was formerly located, and went to Belmar for the rest of the time. Mr. Gardner also taught in the city for the summer and "polluted" the water, he said, at Ocean City. Mr. Zweibel taught at Cleveland Junior High and found a farm in Ulster County a good retreat for two weeks.

Home appealed to some. Mrs. Vreeland stayed at home with the exception of week-end trips. Miss Hill also spent the summer at her home in Newark.

The New England States attracted the largest number of our faculty. Mr. Pritchard stayed at Camp Kennebec, North Belgrade, Maine. Miss Peck thinks Bread Loaf Inn, with its fine location on a mountain in Vermont, an ideal place for a vacation. It has the added advantage of being a summer school of English. Miss Peck traveled, went fishing and studied a

little. At the close of her summer session Miss Peck went to Essex, Connecticut. Mr. Taylor led a simple life at his camp on the shore of Lake Sebago, Maine. He went fishing, rowing and motor boating. He also did odd jobs. In the evenings, sitting on a cracker box, he talked with the natives at the country store. Miss Mancusi-Ungaro visited several places. She spent some time on Bailey's Island in the Casco Bay, Maine. Then she took a trip to Quebec, sailed down the St. Lawrence to the Saquenay River, a branch of the St. Lawrence, and returned home by boat. Miss Rudd was very well pleased with her old camping ground on Orr's Island, Maine. Pemaquid Point on the coast of Maine, was Miss Pullin's summer resort. Miss Belcher divided her time between Maine and Cape Cod. Mr. Stone motored to Wolfeboro, New Hampshire, where Lake Winnepesaukee offered every facility for swimming, fishing and boating, where he has a camp of his own. Miss Duncan, who has come to the Girls' Physical Training Department in the absence of Miss Patrick, selected Provincetown, Massachusetts, for her summer vacation. Miss Patrick is visiting her parents at Newtonville, Massachusetts, and has secured a year's leave of absence for rest and travel. Miss Tozer also visited Massachusetts, dividing her time between Manchester and Westfield. "A green island on a blue river," was Mr. Stevens' description of his camp in the St. Lawrence. Mt. Desert, Maine, was Mrs. Kendall's choice of a resort.

The several members of our faculty used the summer for study. Miss Romer took courses at Columbia, and then retired to her farm at Pittstown. Miss Darnell chose Sea Gate, Long Island, for July, where she had "Father Finn's Course for the Boy Voice," "Male Alto," and "A Capello Music Ancient and Modern." The month of August she spent in the Berkshires and the mountains of Pennsylvania. Miss Weiss and Miss Smith spent six weeks at the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, and the rest of the summer at Greenwood Lake.

Europe attracted several of our teachers. Mr. Crosse lived for a time with Major Malye at Paris. Mr. Crosse also traveled through southern France and as far as Madrid, Spain. He likewise saw the battle front. On his way home he visited Mr. Milwitzky's home in Brit-

tany. Mr. Milwitzky intends to make his home in Brittany for a year, which he will spend in literary and scholastic work. Miss Hewitt is likewise traveling abroad for a year. According to latest reports she has visited Scott's country, and from London as a starting point, she will visit the literary land marks of Milton. A trip to Australia is also a possibility for her. Miss Skidmore visited the battlefields in France, Switzerland, the Italian Lakes, and the northern part of Italy. She met Miss Hewitt in England when she returned home.

Mr. Haulenbeck said that he was loafing, chasing birds, and raising a mustache at Greenwood Lake. He also spent a few days at Ocean City. Mr. Haggett found employment in a Maine shipyard for part of the time and then rested at a camp twelve miles from Bath.

Swimming at Elberon pleased Mr. Mezger, while gardening was Mr. Losee's pastime on a New York farm. Miss Brettle and Miss Gork were well pleased with the Thousand Islands in Canada for a large part of the summer. When they separated, Miss Brettle went home to Dansville, N. Y., while Miss Gork spent the end of summer at Cape May.

Miss Zangler divided her time between Croton-on-the-Hudson and Long Lake in the Adirondacks. Miss Dean spent July in Chautauqua, N. Y., and the month of August at home. Mr. Wood went mountain climbing in the Adirondacks, along the Thirteenth Lake, Long Lake, St. Hubert's Lake and camped for two weeks. Mrs. Caspari enjoyed the summer with her family on a farm near Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Phillippi divided her time between Asbury Park and Washington, D. C.

Miss Dow visited friends in California, while Miss North tried the West Indies, visiting her mother. Miss Decker was a physical training teacher in the Monteith All-Year School and then retired to Sea Bank. Mr. Field, as director of a camp, was proprietor of the Osprey House and Cabins on Blue Mountain Lake. Mrs. Gracie spent the summer quietly at Roseland. Lake Hawthorne, N. J., was Mr. Johnson's place of resort.

Miss Haskell, who is now located in room 61 in the morning, comes to us from California. A tour of the States of Maine, Massachusetts, and New York was her summer diversion.

Miss Rowden divided her time between Ocean Grove and Sussex County. Miss Renard spent the summer at Phoenixville, Pa. Mr. Nicklas did farming at Pittstown, N. J.

Miss Bishop lived at her camp on Lake Champlain. Mrs. Guthrie tried Ocean Grove and the Pocono Mountains for a summer vacation. Mrs. Guthrie comes from Roselle Park. Her specialty is history, for there she was at the head of the history department. At present she is teaching civics in Room 91.

Miss Coult was keeping house at Brookside. She says that she found time for reading, although she was kept busy as assistant cook in the family. Mr. King did private jobs, built part of a boat, tried his hand as a mechanic, and also went swimming in Lake Ontario, where he has a camp for his boys. Miss Hardin divided her time between Sussex County and Newark.

Miss Price stayed at her home at Glen Ridge in the early part of the summer and went to Canada during August.

It has been a pleasure to collect these memories, and the Acropolis hopes that they will likewise afford some pleasure and information to its readers.

TESTIMONIALS

- 4A Room 45. Mary Crowe, Ruth Gerken, Blanch Nixon.
- 4A Room 51. Mary Margaret Barr, Stuart Blodgett, Eleanor Byers, Constance Carpenter, Margaret Kohn, Rosalie Lewitt, Milton Mankowitz, Margaret Randall.
- Room 55. Annie Dillingham, Helen Fenn, Bertha Gordinier, Roland Crowe, Albert Rosenberg, Marian Knight.
- 4B Room 31. Theodore Rissell.
- Room 33. Vincent Barra, Imre Domonkos, Stanton Townley.
- Room 42. Robert Metcalfe, Myrtle Loder.
- 3A Room 25. Lawrence Burgyes, Joseph Flanagan, Roland Heyer, Fairlie McNear, Thelma Ruffkess, Henry Venus.
- Room 59. Percy Olton.
- Room 67. Esther Obertrifter.
- 3B Room 41. Helene Rostentreter, Edna Van Duyne, Franklin Chattin.
- Room 61. Philip Fréda, Evelyn Battin, Lida Bedell.

- 3B Room 76. Sara Weckstein.
 2A Room 56. Hedwig Hass, Kelvin Krist, Robert Wallace, Marie Welsh, Leonard Wright.
 Room 57. Gertrude Day.
 Room 82. Helen Batters, Mildred Green, John Single, Anita Thomas, Eleanor Wilsey.
 Room 85. Vincent Thompson, Philip Lazar.
 2B Room 26. Louis Kessler.
 Room 35. Mabel Walters.
 Room 65. Louis Ursa.
 Room 65. June Kessler.
 1A Room 57¹. Edward Herold.
 Room 63¹. Walter Walsh, Ernest Waters.
 Room 69¹. Esther Neiss, Margaret Blake.
 Room 81¹. Warren Condit, Gilbert Crogan.
 Room 83¹. Grace Crowe, Esther Slade, Harry Stein, Elizabeth Taylor.
 1B Room 3¹. Leonard Tushnet.
 Room 60¹. Lois Lane.
 Room 76¹. James Single, Harry Doremus, Ruth Lillybridge.
 1B Room 82¹. Burtis Morningstern.
 Room 85¹. Nea Norton.
 Room 86¹. Etta McHale, Sylvia Wasserman.
 Room 87¹. Robert Scott.
 Room 92¹. Charles Hart, Richard Johnson, Maria Leiper.
 Room 93¹. Florence Freda.

NEITHER ABSENT NOR TARDY FOR THE YEAR

- Room 25—Laurence S. Burgyes, Joseph Flanagan, Roland Heyer, Fairlie McNear, Henry Venus, Louis Vitiello.
 Room 26—Anna Fieg, Louis Kessler, Winthrop Lenz, Isabel Schneider.
 Room 31—Theodore Rissell.
 Room 33—Imre Domonkos, Emil Russoman, Stanton Townley.
 Room 35—Chas. Basile, Salvatore Caprio, Alfred Dimiero, Herbert Smith.
 Room 36—Charles Manz.
 Room 37—Philip Spanpinato, Walter Stoddart.
 Room 41—Richard Graf, Edna Van Duyne.

- Room 42—William Perry.
 Room 43—Elmer Nittoli.
 Room 45—Mary Crowe, Jeannette Thornton.
 Room 50—Stella Caruso.
 Room 51—Stuart Blodgett, Margaret Kohn, Rosalie Lewitt, Daniel Longo, George Owen, Daniel Rosamilia.
 Room 55—Wm. Cantalupo, Margaret Ingols, Henry Yates, Ralph Dawson, Meyer Fisch, Albert Rosenberg.
 Room 56—Kelvin Krist, Carmine Lemongello, Sam Mareiniss, Robert Wallace, Leonard Wright, Edna Fryling, Hedwig Hass.
 Room 57—Grant McGovern, Edwin Sommer.
 Room 59—Percy Olton, Helen Mulford.
 Room 61—Evelyn Battin, Lida Bedell, Philip Freda, George Goodwin, Fred Senerchia.
 Room 65—Dorothy Powell, Ursa Louis.
 Room 66—June Kessler, Rose Rivello, Bertha Siegle.
 Room 67—Jean Hayes, Ruth Krout, Elizabeth Mingle, Angelo Dispensiere, Harold Saul.
 Room 69—Mildred Hardy.
 Room 76—Walter Umstaedter.
 Room 82—John Single.

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Monday**

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Americo Rotondi, Samuel Silber.

Room 57¹—Bernard Boese, Boylan Fitzgerald,
Thos. Marinelli, Willard McDowell.

Room 59¹—Arthur Brown, Carlton Sieber,
Frank Vanderhoof, Alita Kinney.

Room 60¹—Harry Komishane, Ruth Mosko-
witz, Harold Napoliello, Claude Parelli,
Ralph Rosamilia, Mildred Unfried.

Room 63¹—Jennie Borero, Walter Walsh.

Room 65¹—Joseph Nugent.

Room 67¹—Jerry Caprio, Michalina Corbo,
Catharine Cornwell, Isabel Edwards, Jerry
Nisivoccia, Rebecca Zabarsky.

Room 69¹—Charles Matelene.

Room 76¹—Frederick Boak, Wm. Falter,
James Konkle, Edward Medlin, James
Single, James Yuill.

Room 81¹—Warren Condit, Gilbert Crogan,
Albert Eskin, Frances Piserchia, Alfred Riz-
zolo.

Room 82¹—Lym Willis, Alice Young.

Room 83¹—Cerami, Dutton, Lipstein, Taylor,
Wilson.

Room 85¹—Antoinette Baldanza, Antoinette
Ziccardi, Philip Meola, Anthony Racioppi.

Room 86¹—Rose Andres, Beatrice Blakeman,
Nelson Connor, Sylvia Greenberg, Reginald
MacDonough, Samuel Titus, William War-
render, Sylvia Wasserman.

Room 87¹—Jerry Aulise, Charles Caruso,
Mario Cavallini, John Ganey, Marco Ilardi,
Louis Malakoff, Everett Parsons, Carmine
Gerard.

Room 91¹—Gordon Batterson, Ronald Frier-
muth, Gertrude Reilly.

Room 92¹—Harriet Basch, Katharine Beal,
Milton Block, Edward Curran, Joseph Clay,
Bradford Gesboker, Wm. Sheehan, Mar-
guerite Tetaz.

Room 93¹—Mhora Currie, Marx Murray,
Clara Vitiello, Francis Knaack.

Room 95¹—Geneva Kermer.

FACULTY

Morning Session

Mr. W. E. Stearns	50. Miss N. Hill
Miss E. Disbrow	53. Lib.—Miss M. Dow
26. Mr. H. Pritchard	57. Mr. A. D. Zweibel
31. Mr. F. I. Losee	60. Mr. R. R. Ammarell
33. Mr. R. F. Haulenbeck	63. Miss G. S. Gork
36. Mr. B. S. Haggett	66. Mr. P. Nicklas
39. Miss G. L. Darnell	69. Miss P. M. Weiss
42. Miss T. Mancusi- Ungaro	Lab. Miss H. Tunstead
45. Mr. A. Johnson	82. Mr. J. W. Stevens
51. Mr. M. L. Barr	83. Mr. P. J. Sanders
55. Miss H. M. Coult	Lab. Miss H. Clarke
59. Miss K. F. Belcher	96. Miss V. P. Bishop
61. Miss M. Haskell	98. Miss E. Phillippi
65. Miss M. W. Rennard	3. Mr. W. B. Gardner
67. Miss A. M. Tozer	18. Mr. C. F. Stonsifer
77. Mr. W. J. Dumm	90. Mr. R. B. Saylor
81. Mr. I. K. Ellis	92. Miss R. S. Brettle
Miss H. B. Dean	97. Miss P. J. Rowden
25. Mr. R. Mezger	99. Mr. W. L. Noll
27. Miss K. E. Rudd	2. Mrs. A. A. Vreeland
32. Mr. F. Crosse	Gym. Miss C. E. Decker
35. Miss E. W. Peck	Gym. Miss H. N. Duncan
37. Mr. R. H. Hart	Gym. Mr. C. M. Bauman
41. Mr. A. V. Taylor	Gym. Mr. L. H. Field
43. Mr. H. M. Dann	Gym. Mrs. M. E. Gracie

Afternoon Session

56 ¹ . Miss C. I. Pullin	57 ¹ . Miss M. A. Smith
61 ¹ . Mr. J. M. Wood, Jr.	65 ¹ . Miss L. M. North
66 ¹ . Miss O. Caspari	67 ¹ . Mr. G. W. Stone
75 ¹ . Miss C. S. Romer	Lab. Miss E. Hummel
76 ¹ . Miss E. Phillippi	81 ¹ . Mr. H. G. Snively
82 ¹ . Mrs. M. F. Kendall	83 ¹ . Miss T. Skidmore
85 ¹ . Miss E. Hardin	86 ¹ . Mr. W. W. King
87. Mr. W. Marts	91 ¹ . Miss M. H. Guthrie
92 ¹ . Mr. L. E. Taylor	93 ¹ . Miss E. C. Zangler
95 ¹ . Miss M. H. Price	

Certificates Awarded to Girls Receiving 100 Per Cent in Physical Efficiency Tests

4A Margaret Durand	3B Viola Mueller
4B Edna Doyle	3B Alice Clayton
4B Elizabeth Maloney	3B Wealthy Ann Townsend
4B Gertrude Hummel	3B Sara Weckstein
3A Margaret Mahar	2A Helen Clements
3A Almeda Hopler	2A Mary Pulsifer
3A Harriette Bellah	2A Irma Pycraft
3A Caroline Ecker	2A Helen Dennis
3A Lavinia Caprio	2A Sara Shell
3A Sadie Goldberg	2A Helen Ure
3A Marie Nugent	2A Mary Lanzara
3A Esther Obertrifter	2A Mildred Stango
3A Betty Holland	2B Alice Falconer
3B Lois Hutchings	2B Josephine Dugan
3B Helen McIntosh	2B Rose Rivello
3B Edna Van Duyne	1A Jennie Boero
3B Hilda Kayser	1B Maria Leiper
3B Minie Winarsky	

Traveler: Your son just threw a stone at me.

Irishman: Did he hit you?

Traveler: No.

Irishman: Well, then, he wasn't my boy.

While belles their lovely charms display

And beaux around them flutter,

I'll be content with Anna Bread,

And won't have any but-her.

Wrong Connection

Mr. Milwitsky (on phone, calling to theatre):
Hello, have you a box for two?

Voice: We haven't any boxes for two. How
about a box for each? We have some dandies!

Mr. Mil.: Who is this?

Voice: Filligan, the undertaker.

Boxer: Why is hanging such a painful
death?

Blumberg: The man can't stand the sus-
pense.

"George Washington dined here once," said
the proud innkeeper.

"I see," said Harris. "And you haven't
changed the tablecloth since."

K.: Mr. Milwitzky won't ever have to say
good-bye to Mr. Dann.

C.: No?

K.: All he does is look up, and say, "So
long!"

"I'm falling asleep," said the sonambulist as
he stepped off the roof.

"A hundred in ten seconds, flat."

He boasted of his race.

"I don't see how you can," she said,

"Crawl that fast on your face."

A man once had a black-haired spaniel. One
day, however, he lost it and advertised in the
paper thus:

"Lost, one shaggy dog."

An answer soon came that the dog was
found.

"Is the dog very shaggy?" phoned the finder.

And the owner answered wittingly:

"No, not so VERY shaggy!"

You're the worst sneaks I've ever seen in
this whole school. You have no right to be
here among respectable people. You ought to
get a job as a couple of footpads, but even
then you'd be no good. I can't see, to save my
soul, why you get this way. Nothing can heel
you it seems. Here's a tip, go straight and
right or you'll get left. You're sold."

No, gentle reader, no one is getting expelled,
Congleton is throwing away an old pair of
"gym shoes."



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Lester: See here! Three dollars is too much! I haven't rode in taxis for twenty years for nothing!

Driver: Well, you've tried your best!

Patient: How much for the operation?

Surgeon: I'll give you cut rates.

Allen: This horse knows as much as I do.

Mr. Taylor: Sh! Don't tell anybody; you may want to sell him some day.

Mr. Pritchard: Miss Cairns, how many examples have you done?

Mary: Er-uh, when I get this one finished and three others done, I'll have four done.

Rube: Where'd you learn to play the organ?

Bube: Oh, I took chemistry in college.

Rube: What?

Bube: Yes, organic!

Edna: I'm a born musician.

Lena: Howcum?

Edna: I've drums in my ears.

Judge: Have you ever been up before me?
Irishman: What toime d'yez git up, yer honor?

Lawyer: This outfit is too long.

Tailor (also a client): I thought you preferred long suits!

DeVoe (reading treatise on trees): This subject has many branches.

Teacher: You haven't made your bough.

Harlan: If you interrupt me again I'll leave.

Teacher: See here! Don't bark at me like a dogwood. I'll take the sap out of you? Limber up! Do you understand me?

Harlan: I twig.

Kaddie: "Do you sell invisible hair nets?"

Clerk: "Yes, ma'm."

Kaddie: "Let me see one, please?"

How these flowers you planted are shooting up!

No wonder; look at the pistils they have!

"Business is slow here," said the merchant.

"Yes," replied the drummer. "When I came by I even saw one of the hands on the town clock being laid off."

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE by

Doctor Fairlie McNear

and

Prof. Harlan S. DeVoe

subject

"FOOLS"

Admit One

She: Supposing mother finds out that we're going to run away?

He: Then you put a mushmelon on the window sill.

She: What for?

He: Then I'll know we cantelope.

Teacher: How's business?

Grinder: Fine! Never saw things so dull.

Teacher: Shake!

(Continued from page 7)

with me—that is,” he added, “we’ll go to the inn where I am staying, you know, to save mother work until she’s better, and have dinner, and go to the house afterward.” So the two friends fell into step companionably.

But when they had come within a half block of the Winslow’s house, Dick stopped abruptly.

“Bob,” he said embarrassedly, “I’ve got to see Helen right away or I’ll lose my nerve. I’ve something to say to her.”

“All right then, right away it shall be,” replied Bob promptly. “I think I know how you feel,” he added slyly.

As they approached the house, Helen, picking roses for the supper table, hailed them gaily.

“Oh, Bob! Have you brought Mr. Morson at last?”

“No, he came himself, Helen,” laughed Bob. “Allow me to present the rising young scientific farmer, Mr. Richard Morson,” he added with a grave and formal bow.

Helen dropped her roses and held out both hands impulsively.

“Oh, Mr. Morson, you’ve made good, haven’t you?” she gasped eagerly.

“Yes, Miss Winslow, I’ve made good at last, with Bob’s help, mostly.”

“Now,” said that young man hastily, “I think I’ll run in the house a moment, while—er—perhaps Dick could help you with the roses, Helen?”

“Indeed he can,” replied Helen. “The thorns are terribly hard to handle—terribly.”

Left alone with Helen, Dick showed no signs of assisting with the flowers, but stood irresolutely with his hands in his pockets.

“Er—Miss Dinslow, perhaps I have an apology to offer for certain rather rude remarks I made—”

“Oh, yes, I know,” answered Helen indifferently. “And I don’t blame you in the least, not in the least. How absurd of Bob to try to tie you to my apron-strings as you said yourself! I know I would never submit to such tying!”

“No,” said Dick slowly, “no, I don’t believe you would.”

A week later little Judy Clark lay flattened on the grass peering through a convenient hole in the hedge. If her aunt knew she was lying

on the grass she didn’t like to think what would happen, but she just **knew** that Helen and Bob were getting engaged now! Helen had her hand over Bob’s, and was looking up at him tenderly.

“Helen, it doesn’t seem possible!” he was saying dazedly.

“But it is. Not only possible, but quite probable. And no matter what you may say, I know you were pretty largely responsible for it, my dear brother.” And she kissed him saucily on the end of his nose.

As soon as Bob had disappeared, Judy burst through the hedge. Flesh and blood could stand no more!

“Miss Winslow!” she called wildly.

“Yes, Judy. Why, what’s the matter, dear?”

“Miss Winslow, I didn’t know that Bob was your brother. I thought he was your—your young man.”

“No, Judy,” laughed Helen lightly. “He’s my very ownest brother. But, Judy,” she blushed brightly, although she was speaking only to a child, “you know, dear, I have another young man now.”

Judy hesitated a moment. She was not quite sure that she wanted a substitute for Bob. Still—Miss Winslow, **must** know.

“Just as good?” she inquired dubiously.

“Just as good,” was Helen’s prompt reply.

Dot Benjamin: And they say Charles II strangled to death.

Mr. Hart: Where on earth did you get that idea?

Dot: Why, doesn’t the book say he died without heir?

Two men were discussing the merits of a book. Finally, one of them, himself an author, said to the other:

“No, John, you can’t appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself.”

“No,” retorted John, “and I never laid an egg, but I’m a better judge of an omelet than any hen.”

“They say goats haven’t much brains,” remarked Bill Perry, “but today I saw a goat devouring a newspaper, and he seemed to me to be taking in every word!”

(Continued from page 3)

Room 76¹. Harry Doremus, Ruth Lilly-bridge, Mildred Merz.

Room 82¹. Burtis Morningstern.

Room 85¹. Nea Norton.

Room 86¹. Etta McHale, Lily Shapiro, Sylvia Wasserman.

Room 87¹. Everett Parsons, Robert Scott.

Room 92¹. Charles Hart, Richard Johnson, Maria Leiper, Ruth Osmun.

1B Room 93¹. Florence Freda.

(Continued from page 5)

The winding road was leading them to open space beyond.

"It is so beautiful here," Westmore said, carelessly. "To be alone with nature, and my own thoughts. To dispose of a few troublesome thousands. Why did your grandparents want to sell?"

"They didn't. But they needed the troublesome thousands." Anita's voice was low, almost pathetic.

"I tell you what." Westmore spoke with the eagerness of a child. "I'll board here for the summer, at least. You will be my illustrator—or do you object?"

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Anita said nothing. They were making their way slowly through the dusty road. Then, the car stopped at a little white farm house, its porch covered with roses. Beside it, green meadows were covered with waving daisies and black-eyed susans. Anita's golden curls falling loosely over her shoulders as they had when she was sixteen, swept in yellow wisps across her laughing brown eyes.

"It is beautiful!" Westmore exclaimed. "The mountains, the green fields here, beyond, shadowed by pines and hemlocks!" But Westmore was not looking at the mountains, nor at the meadows, for the beauty of nature at his side seemed to have for him even greater attraction. And an aged man, standing in the shade of the rose-covered porch, sensed the situation and smiled benignly upon the happy pair.

Lester: He plays a mouth organ.

Minn: Has a taste for music, eh?

John: Did the wedding come off all right?

Eric: Yes, there was only one hitch in the ceremony.

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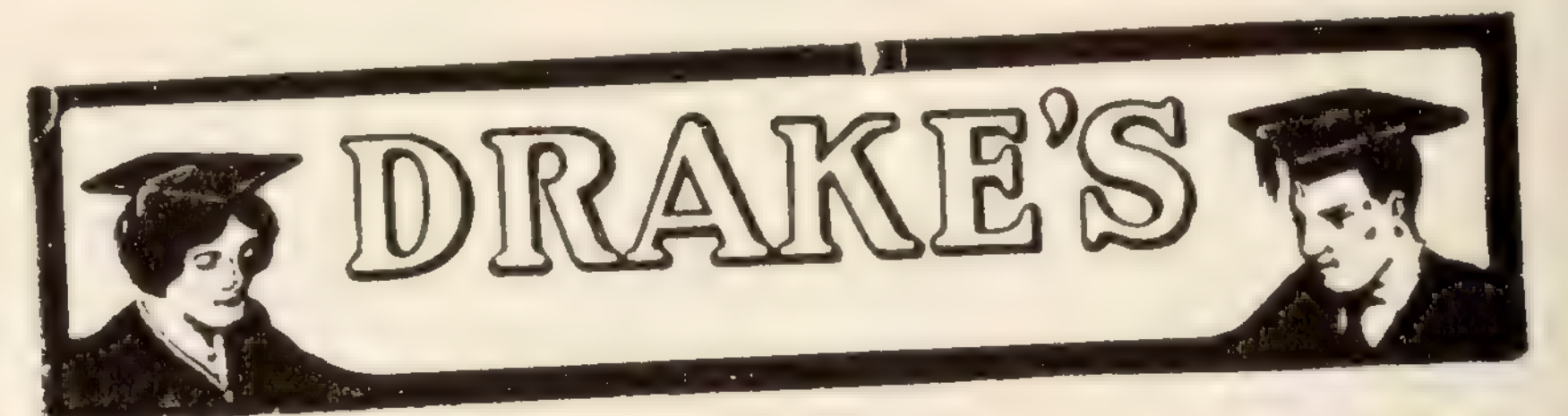
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DAY or NIGHT

OUR SLOGAN

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NEW JERSEY AND NEW YORK

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Inquiries should be directed to the
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Newark Technical School

367 High Street, Newark, N. J.

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